

Will's Wedding Night

by jekkah

Category: Criminal Minds

Genre: Angst, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: A. Hotchner/Hotch, Jennifer J./JJ, Will L.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-12 02:52:13

Updated: 2016-04-12 02:52:13

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:29:25

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 981

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: On the night of his wedding, Will runs into an unexpected moment between JJ and Hotch. JJ/Hotch, but do not end up together. JJ/Will stay married.

Will's Wedding Night

Author's Note: The amazing and wonderful Nebula2 wrote a Will drabble where he witnesses JJ and Hotch kiss. That set off my muse and with her permission, I give you the following. Thanks, Nebs!_

****Will's Wedding Night****

Rolling over to find an empty bed was not exactly the wedding night that William LaMontagne Jr had anticipated, but that was exactly the position he found himself in. He laid there for a few minutes waiting to see if she was simply in the bedroom, but his heart sank when there were no noises anywhere. From the moment she had insisted that he propose to her a second time while he was in the hospital, Will had been afraid that she would regret it and now it seemed as if his fear was coming true. Why else would a newlywed claim to be too tired for sex and then disappear from their marital bed?

Will contemplated staying in bed and pretending that he hadn't noticed her flight, but he wanted to start his marriage off better than that, even if it meant starting it off with a fight. He rose from the bed, put on his robe and slippers, and headed down the stairs of Rossi's house where they had stayed for the night along with most of the other wedding guests. Making his way through the house, Will found only one light on, the kitchen light. He was just about to enter when he heard JJ's voice.

"Hotch," she whispered, "why didn't you dance with me?"

Will froze, ducking back into the shadows. JJ and Hotch were standing

sideways against the counter, staring at each other. He positioned himself so that he could see the two profilers, but they would be unable to see him.

"I danced with you," Hotch protested, but he refused to look her in the face.

Unable to see her face because her back was to him, Will could imagine the hurt expression on JJ's face as she said the next words, "No, you didn't. I danced with everyone, even Strauss, but you never asked me once."

Hotch turned his face away. "It wasn't intentional."

"I think it was," JJ protested, her voice cracking. "I think you avoided me all night. You never asked me to dance and every time that I went to ask you, you disappeared."

"What do you want from me, JJ?" Hotch asked her, agony in voice.

JJ's shoulders slumped. "I made a mistake."

Turmoil danced across Hotch's features as he reached out and placed a hand on her shoulder. "I know."

"I was just so scared; I almost lost him," she explained. In the hallway, Will felt his heart skip a beat. "I love him, I do, but--"

"It's not enough," Hotch finished.

Shaking her head, she agreed, "No. So, what am I supposed to do?"

"You're going to go upstairs, get back into bed, and live the happiest life that you can with your husband and son because I know you and you won't forgive yourself for doing anything else. But first," his voice broke open, "first, you're going to dance with me."

Hotch put one hand around her waist, pulling her close, and the other hand in hers, cradling it to his chest. He laid his cheek on top of her head, breathing her scent in deeply. Humming softly, Hotch began to lead her around the kitchen.

"Hotch," she breathed out after he had hummed and danced his way through two songs. He stopped, brushing her hair away from her face. "The timing was just never right for us, was it?"

Hotch shook his head. "You will always be my biggest regret. I should have made that leap with you insread of holding onto my marriage for so long."

Eyes glistening, JJ croaked, "Why didn't you dance with me?"

"Because I knew I wouldn't be able to stop myself from doing this in the middle of the dance floor." Hotch leaned down and pressed his lips to hers, increasing pressure until she opened to him. Will

gasped from the hallway and clenched his fist into a ball. He had just made up his mind to storm in there when the two pulled away from each other. The dual looks of love and heartbreak on their faces stopped him in his tracks.

"It's probably a good thing that you didn't do that on the dance floor," JJ said, lightly, after they had caught their breaths. She cupped his cheek. "I should go."

Closing his eyes as he laid his hand on top of hers, Hotch nodded. "You should." They stepped away from each other until they were no longer touching. "Jayje? Why didn't you stay away from the BAU?"

She sighed. "Because having you in my life is a thousand times better then not having you in my life."

"That's why I stayed, too," he admitted.

Will hurried from the hallway when he realized that they were finished talking. He kicked off his slippers and tossed his robe across the room as soon as he entered. He crawled back into bed, forcing himself to relax so he appeared to still be sleeping.

A few minutes later, the door opened and JJ quietly entered the room. She slipped into bed, reaching over to kiss his bare shoulder before returning to her side. She turned her back to him and snuggled down. Will could feel her shaking, trying not to cry. Pushing down all of his anger and hurt, Will wrapped his arms around her, mumbling nonsense so she believed he was asleep. Her body softened after a few moments and Will kissed her cheek. It may not be perfect, but JJ had made her choice to be with him. He would love enough for the both of them. Having most of her was better than having none of her at all.

__**THE END**__

End
file.